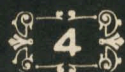


"The St. Louis Cyclone"

GRAND
DESCRIPTIVE SONG AND CHORUS

WORDS BY

Ren. Shields



MUSIC BY

Geo. Evans

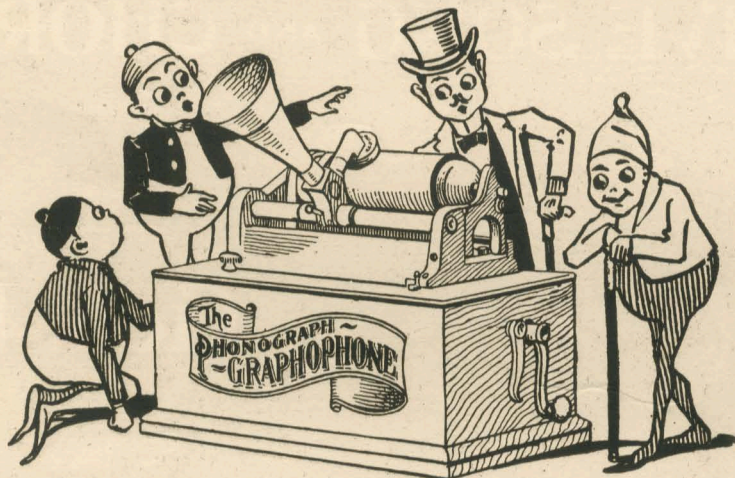
Many hearts are aching,
Many homes forsaken,
Many loved ones gone forever more;
Wives and mothers weeping,
At the harvest death was reaping,
As it traveled on its way from door to door.

PUBLISHED BY

JUSTUS G. DOUGLASS

205 STATE STREET
CHICAGO

Phonographs Graphophones Talking Machines



Reproduces

Songs,
Bands,
Orchestras

And your

Own Voice.

ONLY \$40

GREATEST HOME ENTERTAINER IN THE WORLD.

Agents Wanted.

The Chicago Talking Machine Co.,

Business Office, 107 Madison Street,

PARLORS, { 205 State Street,
98 Madison Street,
63 Clark Street,

— CHICAGO.

Send for Circular.

Tillie A. Powell.
3643 Prairie Ave.
Chicago.
Illinois

June 10. 1896

THE ST. LOUIS CYCLONE.

Words by Ren. Shields.

Music by Geo. Evans.

Arr. by Max Hoffmann.

INTRO

mf
Andante
Moderato.

1. In the cit - y of St. Lou - is on a
2. In a cheer - y lit - tle cot - tage on the

bus - y aft - er - noon, Just be - fore the ev - 'ning shades be - gan to
out - skirts of the town, There a dear old gray - haired moth - er sat a -

Copyright, 1896, by Justus G. Douglass.

ANDERSON BROS., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 325 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

fall,
- lone, The streets were filled with peo - ple who were com - ing home from toil, No dan - ger seemed to
She had the sup - per read - y and was wait - ing for her boy, She knew that he would

threaten them at all;..... Each one was smil - ing gay as they strolled a - long the way, The
soon be com - ing home;..... The wea - ry hours rolled by, but a - las! he nev - er came, Her

world to them had nev - er looked so bright, When a cy - clone with a roar down the
lone - ly watch she kept till morn - ing light; She'll ne'er see him a - gain, for the

streets and by - ways tore, Leaving sor - row and de - struc - tion there that night.....
boy she watched in vain, Like oth - er moth - ers on that fa - tal night.....

CHORUS.

Man - y hearts are ach - ing, Man - y homes for - sak - en,
 Man - y lov'd ones gone for - ev - er - more; Wives and moth - ers weep - ing, At the
 har - vest death is reap - ing, As it trav - els on its way from door to door.

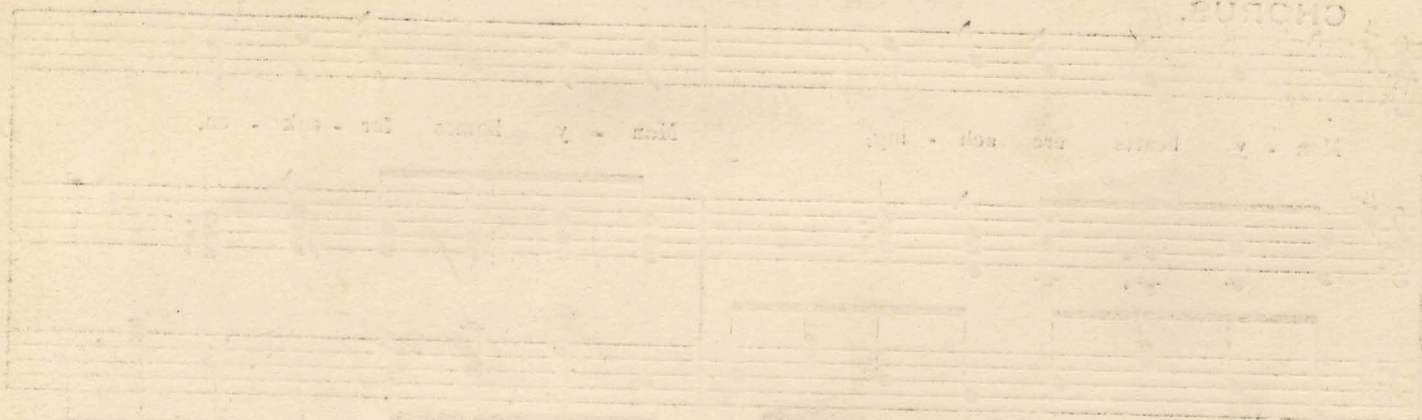
3. When the wires flashed the tidings of the city's awful plight,
 Every honest heart was touched with sympathy;
 We'll all join in like brothers and will let St. Louis know
 That we'll lend a helping hand from sea to sea;
 We'll help with all our might to make her burden light,
 And she'll find that we are with her to the end,
 When her trials are all o'er and she's on her feet once more,
 She will find out that *Chicago was her friend.

—*Any city.

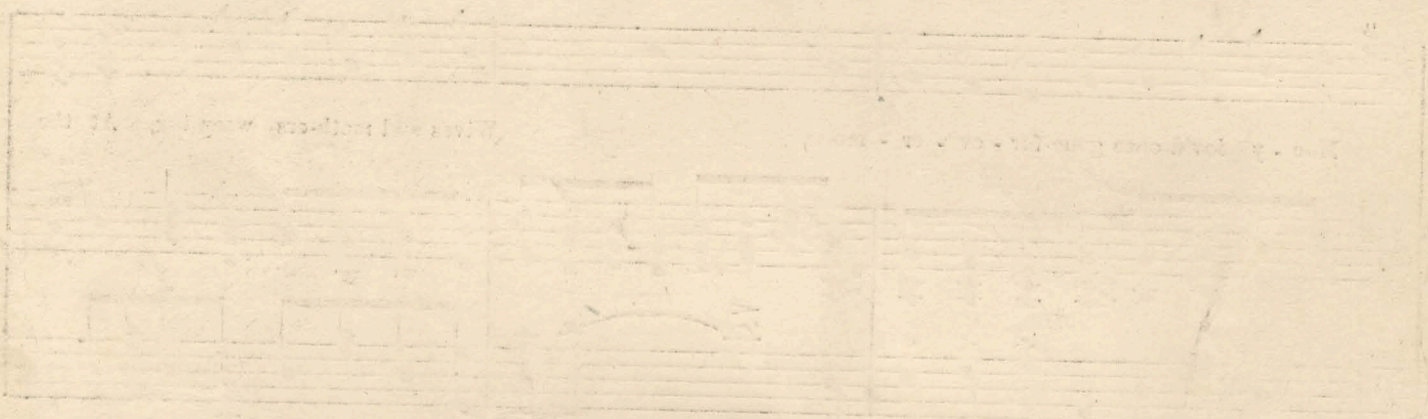
The St. Louis Cyclone. 3-3.

CHORUS

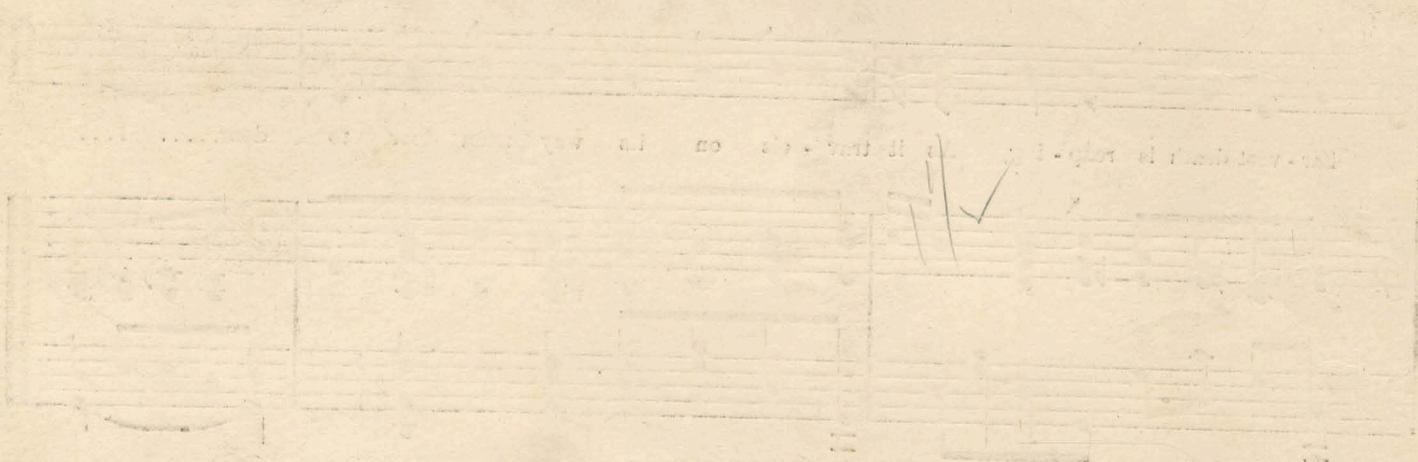
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing



Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing



Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing



Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing
Man - y hearts are won - ing